

RESTORATION



VOL. VII.

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No. 4.

Have You Ever Heard How Poverty Got Rich?

By Catherine de Hueck

(It has long been my custom, once in a while to sit down with the family of Madonna House at eventide, and tell little stories about this and that and other things. All of these stories, I humbly confess, are products of my fertile imagination. Once in a while visitors "sit in" on them. It is at their many and constant requests that I am writing these stories out. Do let me know if you like them . . . for if you don't I can easily discontinue them.)

From the dawn of time, ever since man could remember, Poverty lived on earth. Always he was sorely afraid of her. He hated her, and would, if possible, have nothing to do with her. For she was ugly. Thin. Scrawny. She had matted, uncombed, long, nondescript hair. She was dressed in rags. Foul smelling, she moved among men like a dreaded shadow. Now making abode, unwelcomed and unloved, with this one; now with that one. At times, it seemed, she was everywhere, with everyone. Then again, she would vanish and hide herself in fetid slums, or forgotten wild rural areas.

A Sort of Gypsy

Yet one could never be sure. Today she was seen in a market place. Yesterday she had moved into a palace. It crumbled, and nothing was left of its splendor.

Anything and anyone she touched wilted under her claw-like fingers. Men did their utmost to get rid of her, and often succeeded—for a time. A pariah, she was also a wanderer on the face of the earth.

Centuries melted into thousands of years; and thousands of years into eons. Men were born, lived, and died, but Poverty kept on walking the earth seeking . . . seeking she knew not what.

Then came a night brilliant and cold, a strange night that stopped even Poverty in her tracks and made her lift her bowed and untidy head to heaven. There above her was a star, the like of which she had not seen in all her wanderings.

Wearily and lonely, and full of grief as she was, she looked again and again. She noticed that the star was still over a cave that formed part of an inn. Stables of some sort she thought. But the star drew her . . . and slowly, shufflingly, as do the very tired, she walked to the door of the cave.

Poverty Sees Wealth

Through the chinks, which were quite wide—and which admitted the cold winter wind—she saw a Baby, a newborn Baby at that, lying in a manger filled with straw. She saw a woman of wondrous beauty bending over the Child, and a man, silent and quiet, kneeling at the Baby's feet. She also saw the animals quietly looking on. An ass. Two

cows.

The place was poor enough for her to enter. But somehow she was reluctant to do so . . . for long ago she had learned that, to poor or rich, her advent brought sorrow, and destitution, and grief, and tears, and even death. She did not want any of these things to happen to this FAMILY.

Suddenly, Poverty straightened up. She combed her matted hair out of her eyes with her claw-like fingers, for the most melodious voice she had ever heard bade her enter!

Miracles of miracles, someone wanted her!

Incredulous, she tarried. Again the melodious, soft, gentle voice of the girl-woman invited her in out of the cold wind.

An Unexpected Welcome

Slowly Poverty lifted the latch and walked in. The oil lamp shone brightly, much more brightly than ordinary oil lamps are wont to do. It blinded her for an instant. Yet when she opened her eyes she could not believe them.

For the Mother was holding out the Baby to her—to take and hold. The Baby was reaching His arms to her as if He really wanted to be held by her. And the man on his knees was smiling encouragingly.

Poverty did not hesitate. It was the first time since she had come to dwell on earth that anyone had given her anything. And here two people were allowing her to hold the most lovely Baby she had ever seen.

She bent gently, and took Him in her arms. Then, unable to contain herself, she covered His little face with kisses.

The woman and the man looked on, smiling. Suddenly shy, Poverty wanted to be gone.

Poverty Finds A Home

Gently she put the Child back into the manger and turned to go. But the smiling mother bade her to stay. It was then, and only then, that Poverty noticed the change that had occurred in her.

Her rags had turned to beautiful garments of shimmering satin and gold. Her hair fell in soft curls below her waist. She knew, without looking at her face, that it was beautiful. She knew also that she was rich beyond the dreams of men or angels!

From that day Poverty dwelt with the Holy Three, until the day the One born in the manger died on a dark wooden cross.

After that, she went on wandering across the face of the earth again.

But now men whose eyes see deep follow her passionately wherever she goes. They want but one thing . . . to be wedded to her until they die. For they know her now for what she is . . . the beloved of God.

She never forgets the strange night of the immense star . . . when she, Poverty, became rich. And if she does make friends . . . it is only to lead them to the Manger of the Child.



Don't Forget St. Joseph

It would hardly do to celebrate the Marian year fervently, and ignore St. Joseph. Who forgets St. Joseph is quite apt, in time, to forget his wife, and also his Foster Child. He was, you know (?), the "advocate and lord" of St. Teresa of Avila.

"I do not remember even now that I have ever asked anything of him which he has failed to grant," she writes. "I am astonished at the great favors God has bestowed on me through this blessed saint, and at the perils from which He has freed me, both in body and in soul."

"To other saints the Lord seems to have given grace to succour us in some of our necessities, but of this glorious saint my experience is that he succours us in all of them, and that the Lord wishes to teach us that as He was Himself subject to St. Joseph on earth . . . just so in heaven He still does all St. Joseph asks. This has also been the experience of other persons whom I have advised to commend themselves to him . . . I have never known anyone to be truly devoted to him and render him particular services who did not notably advance in virtue."

Wee Miracle, Big Check Fully Pay For Chapel

It is with deep gratitude to Mary that we inform all our good friends and benefactors that our CHAPEL BUILDING IS PAID FOR. Alleluia! A most generous and saintly benefactor sent us the last payment to clear our debt of \$5,935.15.

We do not, we cannot, claim any authentic miracle. Yet we feel that we touched the hem of the miraculous—unexplainable by natural means—when we beheld our completed and paid for chapel.

Within Eight Months

The full cost was close to \$12,000 for the building. We cannot even begin to estimate the cost of furnishings . . . from tabernacle to vestments, including the statue of our Lady, and the thousand and one other things that go into furnishing a chapel.

All we can and are doing is thanking Mary for her Marian Year gift to us—and praying for our many benefactors. Yet our hearts overflow with such gratitude to both that we wish we could do more . . . much more.

This year, as usual, we shall have a Summer School of Catholic Action, of five weeks duration. It will open its first term (each term begins on a Monday and ends Friday afternoon of a given week) on the first Monday of July, which falls this year on the Fifth. As usual, the five terms, or weeks, will be given over to—First week, Principles and Foundations of Catholic Action . . . Second term or week, the Mass Lived . . . Third term or week, the Royal Road to Christ—Mary . . . Fourth, Catholic Action and the Rural Apostolate . . . Fifth, devoted to parents with children—Restoration of the Home to Christ.

A Marian Shrine

Since our chapel is dedicated to the Immaculate Conception of Mary, it is, by the definition of His Holiness, a Marian Shrine. Thus one can combine a Summer School of Catholic Action with a pilgrimage by coming to Madonna House. Make your reservations early, as demands are already pouring in.

In a letter written to "The Staff of Madonna House," on April 10, 1951, The Most Rev. William J. Smith, of Pembroke, our bishop, said:

"May the blessing of God be upon you in your endeavours. May those who follow your courses and lectures in Catholic Action not only intensify their own spiritual life, and deepen their own religious convictions, but may they go forth ready to contribute to America the benefits which accrue to civil society from the due observance of the divine law and the zealous performance of Christian duties."

We Still Need You

Though our chapel is clear of debt, we still must beg money for its maintenance and upkeep. We need, incidentally, one set of green vestments. We need friends of Mary and her divine Son to provide them. We also need them to keep supplying the candles needed for the altar, the incense, the Mass wine, and other incidentals. We can use Church music books too; for a friend is sending us an organ.

Please mark your gifts "Chapel Fund." Thanks; and God bless you.

We have had many guests here, or pilgrims if you prefer the term, since the chapel was blessed. We expect many more all during the year. One priest in Westchester County, N.Y., has written that he is preparing to bring many of his friends on a pilgrimage here this Spring.

One of the recent guests suffered a terrific shock as he was being shown through the Madonna House buildings. It happened in the chapel.

No Soft Kneelers

"You will note," the guide said to him, informally, "that we do not have pews here, just plain home-made benches. But aren't they beautiful? And only the floor to kneel on. We like it that way. You'll never find any rubberfoam-covered kneelers here."

The guest was astonished. "Do you know who I am?" he asked. "Do you know what business I'm in? Do you know why I'm here, essentially?"

The poor guide shook his head, sorry he had brought that strange look to the gentleman's face, and puzzled about it too.

"No," he admitted. "I really do not even know your name."

The visitor smiled then. "Oh," he said. "I'm a salesman. I thought maybe I could do some business here. I sell rubberfoam-covered kneelers!"



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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

March, the strange month of betwixt and between . . . Winter and Spring. The month of St. Joseph, of St. Patrick, of the Annunciation, of holy silence and God-inspired speech. The beginning of Lent, that holds in its days the yet unborn alleluias of Easter.

A good month to enter the holy silence of St. Joseph, and ask Him to lead us into our own souls, and there to bring us face to face with the Triune God that dwells therein. We of this century of noise and haste need to retire into St. Joseph's recollected silence, that alone will allow us to hear the voice of God dwelling in our own souls.

Like Mary, St. Joseph possesses great secrets, and he shares them willingly with all those who seek his Foster Son earnestly. His greatest secret is the secret of silence and solitude of heart, that can be practiced amid the throngs of men, and in the market place . . . blessed solitude that will open to us the treasure of God. Holy Silence that will allow us to hear the music of His voice.

Yes . . . March is a good month to go to school to St. Joseph and allow him to show us his holy secrets that will enable us to love and serve God better.

It is also a good month to turn to St. Patrick, and learn from him the flaming zeal of speech that proclaims the truth and glories of God without fear or trembling everywhere at all times to everyone.

That too is a need of our century . . . Christians who, burning with love of God, pass on that love, both in the silence of their Christian lives and in the speech of their consecrated tongues. For what this neo pagan century needs above is to have **THE GOSPEL PREACHED TO IT** . . . by those who live it.

To do so well, we must know our Catechism well. Let us, strange as it may seem to adult Catholics, take a refresher course in CATHECHISM during this Lent . . . so that we may be able to answer our Catholic and non-Catholic friends alike simply, directly, and in God's truth.

Taken from the inspired word of God and His most Holy Church, that little booklet will enable us too, to chase the serpents of doubts and temptations from the valleys and peaks of men's souls and minds.

St. Joseph . . . teach us holy silence. Lead us into the holy solitude of our hearts and souls, where God dwells, so that after resting there we may get strength to arise and get busy about the Lord's business.

St. Patrick, come to our aid when, arising, we begin stumblingly to go about God's business. Give us the grace of flaming zeal . . . of desire to learn, and of sharing this holy learning . . . so that at the end of the Lent of our lives we may enjoy the eternal Easter of Heaven, and bring others to share it too.

Lady of the Annunciation, Lady, before whom God's great Angel bowed in awe, Lady from whose flesh was formed the Word-Made-Flesh, help us to keep repeating your eternal and immortal words, "Be it done to me according to Thy word!"



FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

(Continued from February)

The dead face of Jesus dims, in my imaging, when I have finished the trinity of prayers. And I start down the ladder, following a ritual I learned in a shrine in Montreal.

The head, the heart, the feet, the right hand, then the left. Thus, even in my most distracted moments, I make the sign of the cross; I bless the Crucified; and I am blessed by Him. (Also I know, when I start down the ladder for the last time, that I have said five Paters, Aves, and Glorias—and must now say the sixth.)

I stop close to the Sacred Heart. I look first at the wounds made by the scourges. How many tiny ditches the lashes left in that most holy flesh! How much blood poured down through them — for you and me — because of you and me!

Awe, Shame, Shock

Always, at first, I look away from the wound in the heart; for I am awed, being so close to it. And I am ashamed, remembering many things. The words of Peter might have been waiting all these years to be said by me, "I am a sinful man."

Sometimes I am shocked, to think that the heart of God is still, is cold, is dead. A staggering, fearful, crazy thought. "If this be so why does the world continue to exist? Why is there still breath in me? Why is not my own heart also stilled?" I remember there was a Resurrection; and my breath comes back to me; and my heart beats normally again.

The heart is silent, but it is not cold. Warmth comes out of the wound, with the last clear drops of water, the last seepage of the wine-red blood. Amazing warmth! It is as though the noonday sun had found lodging there where the heart was pierced.

And light shines out of the wound, light that is soft and gentle, yet powerful and all-revealing. It illumines faces below me, tearful women, fearful men. It shows me the face of Mary. Light shines back from her; light reflected from the radiance issuing from the heart of Love.

I am caught between two splendors. I am blinded, weakened, dazed, enraptured and confused.

Men In The Line-up

I remember how men look, standing in bright lights before the eyes of man-catchers grouped in the dark. I have seen the "line-up" in the police stations of big cities. I have seen murderers and thieves caught in a brilliant glare, and held for careful inspection by the agents of the law.

I do not feel like one of these, though the light from the Sacred Heart, and the light from the Mother of Sorrows, transfix me, show me up for the weakling and the sinner that I am. There is no terror in this light. There is no menace of any kind. Rather there is reassurance, peace, encouragement, and love. That is why I am confused! Why should I be so loved that Christ has died for me, and Mary suffered?

I have an urge to rest my head against Christ's bosom. But I do not dare. It would be sacrilege, it seems. I remain aloof, rigid, on guard against too much emotion. I say my trinity of prayers

and descend the ladder, to take the nail from the sacred feet.

Once I smelled the incense of a thousand royal lilies as I lingered near that emptied heart. Just once! But the odor comes back to bless me anew whenever I remember that strange instant. It will perfume all the rest of my life.

His Feet Are Freed

The nail is already loosened. People on the other side of the cross, men I seem to know, have hammered it toward me. All I have to do is grasp it by its ugly head, wiggle it this way and that, and snatch it from the flesh. The feet are freed; the bruised, stained, blood-caked, dust-covered feet of God



that once walked so easily on the water; the feet that carried the Son of God here that He might carry away all the evil I have wrought.

A hand reaches out for the spike. It is a woman's hand. I would love to touch it. But I feel like a leper, with corruption in my touch. I drop the great nail into it. It gleams with the glory of rubies.

I have finished another trinity of prayers. I must go up to take the nail from God's right hand.

His arms are stretched out straight to right and left, it seems to me. They are bound with miserable coarse ropes to the rough wood of the cross. These are tied at the elbows, and around the shoulders.

Drunk Or Vicious?

The nails are in the wrists; and the marks of the hammer are on the flesh all around the nail-heads. It was a drunken soldier, perhaps, who nailed the Carpenter's Son. A drunken soldier or a vicious one. Did he get more pleasure out of the sound of the sledge falling on flesh than he did out of its striking iron?

The hands are held tightly in place by wicked clamps. Or so I fancy. They have made wounds in the palms and the backs. And these wounds will never heal, will never dry, will never fade, so long as the world exists!

People whose identities are never the same, who sometimes look like nuns or priests I know, have made it easy for me to work this nail loose. They remove the clamp. They cut the ropes.

The knot on the right shoulder had been worked, skillfully and with dread malice, into the middle of the great furrow the splintered edges of the cross had plowed into the flesh. It was a hard knot. The rope was wet, and there was salt ground into its fibres — as though it had been soaked a long time in the Dead Sea.

The Hand of God

The right arm is freed as I say my prayers. And it falls across my left shoulder, the

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The B's Corner

It most assuredly seems as if Our Lady is interested in Her House of Combermere, during this, her very own year.

First we received the Chapel and with it the gift of Her own Divine Son Who has come to dwell with us (ALLELUIA!) and all was ready on the great feast day of Her Immaculate Conception. Then from all corners of the U.S.A. and Canada, Staff Worker Applicants — our name for those who desire to enter the vocation of the LAY APOSTOLATE OF CATHOLIC ACTION, FRIENDSHIP HOUSE STYLE, began arriving.

Welcome Loretta

Our latest arrival is Loretta Pateneaud, from Edmonton, Alta. She was formerly with the CYW of that city. We are happy to have her too. She brings the number of our Staff, our inner family, to sixteen. In my experience, such an influx usually means that Our Lady plans an expansion of Friendship House — and one is already at hand, as you know.

In April three of our number will be going off to the far Arctic Regions of Canada — Whitehorse, Yukon Territory. We wonder what other branches will be forthcoming in this Marian year!

Speaking of the Yukon. We have been putting our heads together again and again at Madonna House, for we have a BIG PROBLEM before us. The price of getting there, even by the cheapest means of transportation for three people, is to us sky-high. Don't forget they will have to travel FOUR THOUSAND MILES to get where they are going!

Mamie Legris suggested that since WE MUST have a truck for the Apostolate there, we might travel there by truck, see friends on the way, stop off here and there, and possibly, fill the truck with the things they need such as bedding, medicines, religious articles, books — good Catholic ones — and the like.

A Truck? Half a Buck

It seems like a good idea. Anyhow it is the cheapest way also of getting people and truck to Whitehorse. Of course we have to BUY the truck. IF WE COULD GET FIFTY LITTLE CENTS FROM EACH OF OUR READERS . . . JUST FIFTY TINY CENTS . . . WE COULD . . . BELIEVE IT OR NOT, BUY THE HALF-TON TRUCK, AND HAVE ENOUGH MONEY LEFT OVER TO PAY THE EXPENSES OF THE TRIP.

I know I have become a constant beggar in the last year or so. But what can I do? THE NEEDS OF CHRIST ENCOMPASS US SO!!

Oh, yes — and we would like to hear from all our friends in the West of Canada, located on the Trans-Canada Highway. Perhaps they will let us know the conditions of that highway near them, the best way to travel. Anyone living along a part of it usually has better information than even the Ontario Motor League. And perhaps those who would like to meet Miss Legris and her crew of two, would be kind enough to write and tell us so. Mamie, incidentally, is a good speaker and is al-

(Continued on Page Three)

COMBERMERE

By Dorothy M. Phillips

Deep in the woods, where man has not penetrated since the first fall of snow this year, is an unsullied covering over mother earth. The seed dropped from the wings of the tree last fall is lying quiescent.

At its appointed time it will sprout up, and grow into a mighty tree. Then it can be contemplated in all its glory. Such is the way of nature.

Mother Nature's Way

Mother Earth cannot think. If it could, it might picture in advance the regal splendor in which the tree will be arrayed when it is dressed in its beautiful green robes, or in its multiple colored autumn garb.

We humans, however, can, and many do, dwell on this wonder. During the winter months we see in our mind's eye what will be, and we praise God for His beautiful order of nature.

Mary, the Mother of God, knew the grandeur of her Son much better than we know the greatness of nature. She knew from scripture that His was a kingly nature and that He was descended from a kingly house.

Our Mother's Way

Watching Him as a child at play, it seems likely that, with a mother's heart and love, she might have (in thought at least) dressed Him in the robes befitting His dignity. A soft white dress. A mantle of royal red. A tiny little golden and jeweled crown on His head. As a symbol of His kingdom. He would hold the world. Was He not to be its Redeemer?

Whether or not these thoughts occurred to Mary, the idea of Christ the Child, portrayed as a king, found favor with God. His reaction to the image known as "The Infant of Prague" shows this very clearly, from the many

miracles performed at this shrine, and from the words spoken by the Infant to Father Cyrilus of Prague.

"The more you honor me, the more I will bless you."

God went even farther in showing His approval of devotion and honor being shown to the Infant King by allowing calamities and hardships to occur when He was neglected in the monastery where the devotion first came into being.

Our Own Way

Lately Madonna House seems to have been inundated with statues, pictures, and pamphlets of the Infant. When someone decided to take stock she found that almost every room in Madonna House proper contained at least one statue or picture of Him. St. Martha's produced three, St. Peter's two.

As a child gains easy entrance into hearts, the Infant of Prague found entrance into our lives.

Out on our back porch, which is not used in the winter, we had the largest statue of Him. It was bigger than any of the others, but still quite small enough to fit into our low ceilinged chapel.

Children should not be left out in the cold, and particularly this one, who spent His first night on earth in a drafty stable. The natural thing to do was to bring Him inside and let Him bask in the warmth of His mother's love. That is where He stands now, close to Her in His own home.

The chapel was supposed to hold only one statue — that of our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, in whose honor it is dedicated. The Divine Infant was installed there, however, on the eleventh of February, the anniversary of the day Our Blessed Mother announced to Bernadette "I am the Immaculate Conception."

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

ways glad to speak about the Apostolate, God, and the things of God.

The Calendar Year

Right now everyone at Madonna House is studying hard. We are in the midst of our yearly training course for the Staff. This year it is divided into two groups — Juniors and Seniors. It lasts three months, from January 15th to April 15th or thereabouts, and ends with our Big four-day retreat, after which the promises of stability are taken.

Then preparations for the Summer School will begin. Then the Summer School. Then Christmas with its glorious rush. Then the Training course again. Such is the inner rhythm of Madonna House through the calendar year.

But besides that there is much work to do. I have just been making our yearly report on our nursing work. And even I was astonished. We answered 296 calls from patients to their homes. Fifty-two people were taken to hospitals in the Plymouth station wagon, owned by Fr. Callahan (who graciously has put it to that vital service).

First emergency aid was given to 125 patients. We have taken care of the

houses and children of sick or absent mothers of 28 families. We acted as "housekeepers" for tired mothers too. Our Red Cross sick-room supplies have gone out to help the sick at home 38 times.

I did not include in my report the constant stream of our local friends, for all kinds of help and advice.

What a joy this is . . . to be of service to our wonderful neighbors — I may be prejudiced, but I venture to say it is hard to find better neighbors anywhere. Combermere is a friendly village, so are the folks living around about it.

Yes, this gracious Marian year, it seems as if Our Lady were indeed especially interested in Her Little Lay Apostolate by the beautiful Madawaska River.

**MADONNA HOUSE
CORDIALLY
WELCOMES PRIESTS
IN NEED OF
VACATION AND REST.
SPECIAL QUARTERS
AVAILABLE.
PRIVACY — QUIET
NO CHARGE**

A Man Who Hated Matt Talbot

An Irish friend sent me this letter.

"In his last years Matt Talbot was ill and unable to work and was in receipt of 'disablement allowance' from his National Insurance Society, the Irish Transport and General Workers Trade Union Society. The Union Official, who visited such cases in their homes to make sure they were really ill and not malingering or at work, came to visit Matt. Whatever happened between them, the official cut Matt off from benefit. Matt appealed to the Committee, which immediately restored the benefits, and in addition called the official before them for an explanation.

+
poverty
is the
face of
Christ
Leon bloy

A Registered One

"If you want my opinion of that fellow," he is reported to have said, "he's nothing more or less than a registered bousy."

The term is a Dublin form of expression and has nothing to do with drunkenness, it means: a corner boy, a shiftless man, well known to be so. (Registered is pronounced 'rigisstered' to get the full flavour.)

An old Fenian was a friend of mine. He was a sincere, honest, generous man, with such a respect for truth that anyone could tell him a lie or impose on him with a hard luck story. He had a horror of drink, perhaps because for many years he shielded one from the public eye who was a slave to it, or perhaps from that old tradition from '98 — "twas drink that let us down."

He had an equal aversion to religion. It stemmed from the old Fenian days, and in later years his passion for justice for his nation had added to it a passion for social justice. He became a "red."

Mass And Moscow

Like Stalin, he had a religious mother, but he had more charity than the Russian for her faith. When wireless came, we had the job of choosing a "set" for him, and it had to do two things, get Moscow for him, and Mass (it was relayed from Holland in those days) for her. I remember his panic when the set broke down before a Vatican broadcast: "They'll say I did it on purpose." We mended it.

She died. The wake was in the house, and he was there at the door to answer the discreet knocks, and the greetings — "Sorry for yer trouble."

"Thanks," he said. "If you'd like it, there's cheese and bread in the kitchen and a glass of milk." With glances of horror they shuf-

fled away. He did not go into the Church when her coffin was borne there.

With age and loneliness it developed into a violent prejudice, that aversion to religion. And it led to a crime. A comrade of his was dying, and the neighbours and friends of the dying man all over the city were appealing to heaven for his conversion.

The Red Flag

"I was with him every day," the Fenian told me. "The priests will never get him."

Whether the infinite mercy of God prevailed we shall not know until the dark has become light, but of death-bed conversion there were no signs, and the red flag draped the coffin!

The Fenian had a neighbour, an equally strong-willed man, obstinate in his

drunkenness and equally obstinate in his conversion from it. But he recognized the limits of his will, and once when an unseen hand seemed to hold him back from his God, he threw himself in abandonment on the steps of the Church until a power stronger than his will sustained him and enabled him to stumble to the altar.

The Fenian knew this man — had a contempt for him, jeered at him. The drunkard, as you may have guessed, was Matthew Talbot.

A Visiting Nun

After sixty years of strife against his God, the old man was near his end. He had asked to be brought home from the hospital, and when we saw the conditions we had brought him home to, we repented.

He had to have a nurse and his money was gone. I suggested one of the visiting nuns should attend him. He went white with rage, and I was ordered out. By desperate means I got into the house again after a fortnight's effort.

I again made the suggestion. He was silent, but I could see the hate in his eyes. After a minute he controlled his temper and asked me in a cold, malignant way to be good enough never to say such a thing to him again.

"I will not," I said, "but whether you like it or not I'm going to ask Matt Talbot — and, of course, your mother."

I went out and in a suitable place I appealed to Matt Talbot to intercede for him. A week later he asked of his own accord to be brought to the hospice, and he died a good death.

Matt Talbot, pray for him.

Tribute to Mary

By St. Therese

"Speaking of that Blessed Mother, I must tell you of one of my simple ways. Sometimes I find myself saying to her: 'Dearest Mother, it seems to me that I am happier than you. I have you for my Mother, and you have no Blessed Virgin to love. It is true, you are the Mother of Jesus, but you have given Him to me, and He, from the Cross, has given you to be our Mother — thus we are richer than you! Long ago in your humility, you wished to become the little handmaid of the Mother of God; and I — poor little creature — am not your handmaid but your child! You are the Mother of Jesus, and you are also MINE.' 'Saint Therese of Lisieux in a letter to her Sister Celine.

Listen To Our Old And Humble Piano

I am the piano at Madonna House, upright and steady and always dependable. Like the kids I do my work in blind obedience. The touch of a hand is hint enough for me.

The Soft Pedal? Sometimes

I came into the history of Friendship House a long time ago, when the son of the foundress was a little boy. I was knocked down to her — or introduced as you say in polite society — at an auction sale. She paid \$15 for me. I was worth every cent of it. I am still worth it. I have been banged, thumped, walloped, pummeled, and woefully abused in the years that followed; and I have been courted, caressed, wooed, and masterfully massaged! Bless my strings, I'm beat!

Knights of the road have hammered stirring melodies out of my innards. Now and then some music master has made people dance gaily, joyfully, by deft manipulation of my ivory spine. Tough kids have tilted my scales in such a way as to bring horror to the sensitive. And other kids have learned to unlock soft sweet music with my aging keys. Maybe I'm a soft touch, but many people do not think so.

No Duets, Sister

One of my stools tells me I have a sister in St. Martha's across the road. I haven't seen her. Nor have I heard her. The story is that she was donated in 1952, and a truck went all the way to Whitby, Ontario, to adopt her, pick her up, and install her. Let her be the queen of St. Martha's; I'm content here.

I have a new position. I don't look out at the river any more. I have a place near the chapel stairs.

It was there I voiced, the air of that new hymn, "Our Lady of Combermere." My sister, I hear, likes it too. You know something? I'm glad I lived long enough — and kept my youth and strength — to play that song. Believe me, it was worth waiting for.

Another stool tells me we're going to have an organ in the chapel upstairs. Organs are so very religious! Some spend their whole lives in churches or chapels. Now, if you'll allow me a little pun, I'll say, "Brother, we're sure enough getting organ-ized!"

Eighth Station

By Catherine

Their tears were bitter,
Full of salt.
They wept,
They did not know quite
why,
For the bleeding, wretched
man
Who staggered
Under the weight
Of a rough unfinished cross.

And yet
When He came nigh,
He straightened up.
The cross shrank.
And He became immense,
Touching the sky.
Or so it seemed
To them.

He bade them
Not to shed their tears
For Him
But for themselves—
That they might see
And seeing, believe
That Incarnated Love
Was standing there
On its way
To die
For them.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)
hand gently resting against
my back!

Now I see splinters in that
gaping wound in Christ's
right shoulder. They are
deeply imbedded. I would
pull them out. But I hesitate.
That is a task for a worthier
hand than mine.

I reach out, instead, say-
ing another trinity of pray-
ers, to the nail in the left
wrist. There is a knot over
the wound in the left should-
er too; a knot as hard to cut
as its twin. Friends cut it,
eventually. New friends and
old friends. Living friends,
and some who died long
years ago. They cut the
knots at shoulder and elbow;
and they make it easy for me
to extract the nail. They re-
lease the hand from its
clasp, and it falls free.

And now both God's arms
are hanging across my
shoulders, and I am descend-
ing slowly toward the foot
of the cross, where Mary
waits with John, and Mary
Magdalen, and Veronica,
and others who are better
known to me.

I Hold Him Close!

I hold Him in my arms.
His head is close to mine. I
can sometimes feel the crown
of thorns brushing my
temple or my cheek. There
is no weight to Him. He has
emptied all His veins and
arteries. Even from His heart
He has poured out His royal
blood.

I have completed the sign
of the cross. I can now give
the body of my Lord into the
arms of His mother. I cannot
look at her too closely; for
the feeling of guilt is raging
in me. But she has no eyes
for me just now. Or is that
my false humility that

makes me think so?

I watch her rock Him in
her arms. For the last time!
I half expect to hear her
singing a soft lullaby. But
she makes no sound. She is
looking upward toward the
black sky, her face shining
even as His body shines. She
is offering Him to her Father
and her Spouse, a sacrifice
or her children. She is offer-
ed herself too.

My Lady's Words

She accepts the nails I have
brought down with me, and
the bits of rope. And she
looks at me now, in a way
that neither awes nor daz-
zles me.

And her words come clear-
ly to me; words born of my
imagination and my hopes,
yet not to be despised there-
fore, nor to be regarded
lightly.

"There will be splinters in
your cross too," Our Lady
seems to say. "And salt-soak-
ed ropes will bind your arms
to the wood and eat into
your raw red flesh. And
nails and clamps will add to
your discomfort. And per-
haps the head of a lance will
be plunged into your heart."

"Are you afraid? Take
courage. My Son will come
to you then. He will take you
from the cross. He will carry
you down the ladder, in His
arms; as you carried Him.
And I will be there, at the
foot of your cross, waiting to
welcome you."

I do not see her clearly. I
see only the radiance about
her. And yet I catch glimpses
of her every now and then,
in faces around me at Mass
or Benediction, in the chapel
or the church.

So, when and if you find
me pinned securely to some
clumsy home-made cross,
you will show me not your
pity but your envy — as I
would act toward you in
similar circumstances.

There is a cross for each
of us — and for each a
descent from the cross.

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Dorothy Phillips at Ma-
donna House, Comber-
mere, Ont.

Daily Communion

By Kathleen O'Herin

I built a home
Within my heart
And furnished
It with care;
For every day
At early dawn
My Lord, my God
Dwells there.

Simple Song

By Francoise DeCastro

It is just
Too wonderful to be true—
To go right ahead and talk
to you,
O Immaculate Mother!
To leave all things behind
me.

And in simple melody,
Sing what I would like to
be—
Your little child.

I have forgotten how
To study and read and
think—
The burdensome discipline
Of the Sorbonne.

I just sing and I just pray
As it comes.
I love You, I love You.
Do I have to be a poet
Or a scholar
To say that?

You don't get tired of hear-
ing it
Nor do I of repeating it.
I love You, I love You.

I pray, I speak, I talk to You
As fast as my fingers can
go—
But slower than my heart.

I give you my heart and love.
I give You to have and hold
All I have.

I am Yours in slavery.
I bear the chains of bondage.
I am Yours.
You cannot lose me,
Nor do You wish to.

Human beings get tired of
love
Or they refuse to be loved.
Mother, I know your sorrow,
The sorrow of your heart.

Let all men say: I love You.
Let all be one in You.
Show Yourself Our Mother,
Queen of all the world.

A Fervent Prayer

If you have coins to shed,
prepare to shed them now.
The Rev. Joseph Taffarel,
S.J., Catholic missionary at
Thavam P.O., Cherukunnu,
N. Malabar, India, needs
them more, perhaps, than
you do yourself.

He has just been sent to
Cherukunnu to take charge
of six missions. He must care
for 1,000 new converts, "the
poorest of the teeming mil-
lions of former outcasts"—
untouchables. He has also
thousands of their relatives
and friends and neighbors to
redeem and feed and clothe
and teach. He has to fight
Communism too.

"I am confronted with
staggering problems," he
writes. "I am facing desper-
ate want and heart-rending
miseries. There isn't a single
decent chapel in the six mis-
sions. I haven't money
enough for the work. I can't
even hire catechists. I have
no other source of income,
no other hope for the future,
no other alternative than
your missionary co-opera-

tion, your redeeming mani-
fold charity. Every night,
from midnight to one
o'clock, I kneel before dear
Jesus in the Tabernacle in
humble and fervent prayer
that He may enable me to
go on by inspiring good
people like you to help me.
Please listen to Him. You'll
never be sorry for it."



a significant story to a popu-
lar format should bring its
message to many who might
not otherwise be reached
through conventional media
— books, magazines, and
newspapers.

Black Fire

By M. H. C.

The quiet hush
Of Your presence
Filled me;
But I was held
In a dark misery,
With bands that tightened
Around my heart,
In the cold, dead blackness
As of night.
And I was gouged
By a black fire
That seared and burned
Without heat
Without light.
Only the penetrating light
Of knowledge
That disclosed to me
The ugliness of sin.
And knowing Thy Beauty
And Infinite Perfection,
I was filled with loathing
That was steeped
In a weight of love
Pressing against the bands
Around my heart.
O helpless love!

To see You hurt
To see You bear
With infinite patience
And such forgiving tender-
ness

The careless thoughtlessness
The cold ingratitude
The noisome weight of sin—
Of my sins.

I had asked
To bear Thy burden with
Thee.

Was this Thy way
Of showing me
The weight of Thy cross,
The pressure of the crown of
thorns

Around Thy heart?
Only the knowledge
That You could see my
misery.

That You could know
The limit of my strength,
That You could ease
The burden of Thy love
Upon my heart,
Sustained me.

Prayer Of Pius XII In Honor Of Pius X

O You that were the great
inspirer and guide of the
people of God, help us: In-
tercede for us and all those
who long to follow Christ.
You, whose heart broke when
you saw the world plunged
into the bloody struggle of
the First World War, succor
humanity, aid Christianity
exposed today to these same
dangers, the same trials.

Obtain for us from the
Divine Mercy the gift of en-
during peace and, as an aid
to it, bring about the return
of the spirit to a sense of
true brotherhood that alone
can restore among nations
the justice and unity and
good will among men.
Amen!

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